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The Battle.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

Heavy and solemn,
A cloudy column,

Through the green plain they marching come,
Measureless spread, like a table dread,
For the cold, grim dice of the iron game.
Looks are bent on the shaking ground,
Hearts beat low with a knelling sound;
Swift by the breasts that must bear the brunt
Gallops the major along the front.

"Halt!"

And fettered they stand at the stark command,
And the warriors silent halt.

Proud in the blush of morning glowing,
What on the hill-top shines in flowing?
"See you the foeman's banners waving?"
"We see the foeman's banners waving,
God be with you, children and wife!"
Hark to the music—the drum and fife—
How they ring through the ranks which they rouse
to the strife!
Thrilling they sound with their glorious tone,
Thrilling they go through the marrow and bone;
Brothers, God grant when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!

See the smoke, how the lightning is cleaving asunder!

Hark! the guns, peal on peal, how they boom in their thunder!

From host to host, with kindling sound,
The shouted signal circles round,
Freer already breathes the breath!
The war is waging, slaughter raging,
And heavy through the reeking pall,

The iron death-dice fall!

Nearer they close—foes upon foes—

"Ready!"—from square to square it goes.

They kneel, as one man, from flank to flank,
And the fire comes sharp from the foremost rank;
Many a soldier to earth is sent,
Many a gap by ball is rent;
O'er the corpse before springs the hindmost man,
That the line may not fall to the fearless van;
To the right, to the left, and around and around,
Death whirls in its dance on the bloody ground.
God's sunlight is quenched in the fiery fight,
Over the hosts falls a brooding night!
Brother, God grant, when this life is o'er,
In the life to come we may meet once more!

The dead men are bathed in the weltering blood,
And the living are blent in the slippery flood,
And the feet, as they reel and sliding go,
Stumble still on the corpses that sleep below.
"What? Francis!"—"Give Charlotte my last farewell!"

As the dying man murmurs, the thunders swell—

"I'll give—oh, God! are the guns so near?"

Ho, comrades!—yon volley!—look sharp to the rear!

I'll give to thy Charlotte thy last farewell;
Sleep soft, where Death thickest descendeth in rain,
The friend thou forsakest, thy side may regain!"

Hitherward, thitherward, reels the fight,
Dark and more darkly, day glooms into night.
Brethren, God grant when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!

Hark to the hoots that galloping go!

The adjutants flying,

The horsemen press hard on the panting foe;
Their thunder booms in dying—
Victory!

Tremor has seized on the dastards all,

And their leaders fall!

Victory!

Closed is the brunt of the glorious fight,
And the day, like a conqueror, bursts on the night.
Trumpet and fife swelling choral along,
The triumph, already, sweeps marching in song.
Farewell, fallen brothers, though this life be o'er,
There's another in which we shall meet you once more.

Music a Means of Culture.

BY J. S. DWIGHT.

(From the Atlantic Monthly for September.)

OUR musical history has been peculiar. We were in no sense a musical people forty years ago. Nothing could be further from the old New England character and "bringing up,"—we will not call it culture. But, strangely (and not much in accordance with the common theory that the way to elevate the taste is to begin with what is light and popular), the first real and deep interest in music awakened here in Boston was an interest in the greatest kind of music. Handel, and then more irresistibly Beethoven, were the first to take deep hold on thoughtful, earnest, influential souls. This was when the new spirit of culture, in the fullest, freest, highest sense, became in various ways so rife in this community. So that it is scarcely paradoxical to say, that music in this country, or at least this portion of the country, "came in with the conqueror." That is to say, the love for the highest kind of music (for it is only the love of it, not the creative gift as yet), which has for some time been imputed to this once Puritanical Boston and the regions spiritually watered from it, came in with the conquering ideas,—with the ideas of spiritual freedom, of self-reliance, of the dignity of human nature, of the insignificance of creeds compared with life and practice, of social justice, equal opportunities to all, a common birthright in the beautiful,—ideas which from the time of Channing began to quicken the whole thought and conscience of the young Republic, and which were glowing with fresh fervor of conviction in the light of that ideal philosophy which, where it made one mystic, made a dozen practical and sound reformers,—ideas fitly summed up in the one idea of CULTURE, in the nobler sense in which it then began to haunt the mind, as something distinct from, and superior to, the barren routine of a narrow, utilitarian, provincial, and timid education; culture in the sense of free unfolding of intrinsic germs of character, of conscious, quick, sincere relationship and sympathy with all the beauty and the order of the universe, instead of in the old sense of a mere makeshift clothing upon from without with approved special knowledges, conventional beliefs and maxims, and time-honored prejudices. Intimately implied in this idea of culture is the æsthetic principle. For what is culture without art?—art, the type and mirror of ideal, complete life, the one free mode of man's activity, wherein he may become partaker in the Divine creative energy? And what form of art, what ministry to the æsthetic instinct, was so peculiarly the need and product of our age, so widely, easily available, as music? It was not strange that it should come in with the conquering ideas, as we have said.

At all events, it is a fact of some significance that the interest here felt in Beethoven began at the same moment with the interest in Emerson, and notably in the same minds who found such quickening in his free and bracing utterance. It was to a great extent the young souls drawn to "Transcendentalism" (as it was nicknamed), to escape spiritual starvation, who were most drawn also to the great, deep music which we began to hear at that time. For, be it remembered, the first great awakening of the musical instinct here was when the C Minor Symphony of Beethoven was played, thirty years ago or more, in that old theatre, long since vanished from the heart of the drygoods part of Boston, which had been converted into an "Odeon," where an "Academy of Music" gave us some first glimpses of the glories of great orchestral music. Some may yet remember how young men and women of the most

cultured circles, whom the new intellectual day-spring had made thoughtful and at the same time open and impressible to all appeals of art and beauty, used to sit there through the concert in that far-off upper gallery or sky-parlor, secluded in the shade, and give themselves up completely to the influence of the sublime harmonies that sank into their souls, enlarging and coloring thenceforth the whole horizon of their life. Then came the Brook Farm experiment; and it is equally a curious fact, that music, and of the best kind, the Beethoven Sonatas, the Masses of Mozart and Haydn, got at, indeed, in a very humble, home-made, and imperfect way, was one of the chief interests and refreshments of those halcyon days. Nay, it was among the singing portion of those plain farmers, teachers, and (but for such cheer) domestic drudges, that the first example sprang up of the so-called "Mass Clubs," once so much in vogue among small knots of amateurs. They met to practise music which to them seemed heavenly, after the old hackneyed glees and psalm-tunes, though little many of them thought or cared about the creed embodied in the Latin words that formed the convenient vehicle for tones so thrilling; the music was quite innocent of creed, except that of the heart and of the common deepest wants and aspirations of all souls, darkly locked up in formulas, till set free by the subtle solvent of the delicious harmonies. And our genial friend who sits in Harper's "Easy Chair" has lately told the world what parties from "the Farm" (and he was "one of them") would come to town to drink in the symphonies, and then walk back the whole way, seven miles, at night, elated and unconscious of fatigue, carrying home with them a new good genius, beautiful and strong, to help them through the next day's labors. Then, too, and among the same class of minds (the same "Transcendental set"), began the writing and the lecturing on music and its great masters, treating it from a high spiritual point of view, and seeking (too imaginatively, no doubt) the key and meaning to the symphony, but anyhow establishing a vital, true affinity between the great tone-poems and all great ideals of the human mind. In the "Harbinger," for years printed at Brook Farm, in the "Dial," which told the time of day so far ahead, in the writings of Margaret Fuller and others, these became favorite and glowing topics of discourse; and such discussion did at least contribute much to make music more respected, to lift it in the esteem of thoughtful persons to a level with the rest of the "humanities" of culture, and especially to turn attention to the nobler compositions, and away from that which is but idle, sensual, and vulgar.

The kind reader will grant plenary indulgence to these gossiping memories, and must not for a moment think it is intended by them to claim for any one class the exclusive credit of the impulse given in those days to music. Cecilia had her ardent friends and votaries among conservatives as well. But is it not significant as well as curious, that the free-thinking and idealistic class referred to (call them "Transcendental dreamers" if you will, they can afford to bear the title now!) were so largely engaged in the movement,—that among the "select few," constant to all opportunities of hearing the great music in its days of small things here, so many of this class were found? The ideas of those enthusiasts, if we look around us now, have leavened the whole thought and culture of this people; have melted icy creeds, and opened genial communion between sects; have set the whole breast of the nation heaving, till it has cast off the vampire of at least one of its great established crimes and curses; have set all men thinking of the elevation of

mankind. These are the conquering ideas, and with them came in the respect for music, which now in its way, too, is leavening, refining, humanizing our too crude and swaggering young democratic civilization. A short pedigree! but great ideas, by their transforming power, work centuries of change in a few years.

The great music came in then because it was in full affinity with the best thoughts stirring in fresh, earnest souls. The same unsatisfied, deep want that shrank from the old Puritanic creed and practice; that sought a positive soul's joy instead of abnegation; that yearned for the "beauty of holiness," and for communion with the Father in some sincere way of one's own without profession; that kindled with ideals of a heaven on earth and of a reign of love in harmony with Nature's beauties and the prophecies of Art, — found just then and here unwonted comfort, courage, and expression in the strains of the divine composers, of which we were then getting the first visitations. It was as if our social globe, charged with the electricity of new divine ideas and longings, germs of a new era, were beginning to be haunted by auroral gleams and flashes of strange melody and harmony. Young souls, resolved to keep their youth and be true to themselves, felt a mysterious attraction to all this, though without culture musically. Persons not technically musical at all would feel the music as they felt the rhythm of the ocean rolling in upon the beach. They understood as little of the laws of one as of the other fascinating and prophetic mystery. Beethoven, above all, struck the key-note of the age; in his deep music, so profoundly human, one heard, as in a sea shell, the murmur of a grander future. Beethoven, Handel, Mozart, found no more eager audience than among these "disciples of the newness" (as some sneeringly called them), these believing ones, who would not have belief imposed upon them, who cared more for life than doctrine, and to whom it was a prime necessity of heart and soul to make life *genial*. This was to them "music of the future," in a more deep and real sense than any Wagner of these later times has been inspired to write.

All this, to be sure, does not prove us to be a "musical people." It does prove that the great music, into which great, earnest men like Beethoven breathed the secret of their lives, has a magnetic, quick affinity with the great thought and impulses beginning at that time to renew religion, politics, society, and the whole spirit and complexion of the age. With the casting adrift from old authorities and creeds came this instinctive feeling forth for Art, as for a tangible assurance of the essential "substance of things hoped for." The æsthetic instinct woke in us (to music's touch more quickly than to any other) to save this radicalism from sheer discomfortable, boisterous, quarrelsome negation, from the rude, antagonistic, and destructive attitude, from that hard, dry, killing *prose* of life, unquickening, discouraging, concealed, overbearing, which is of the very essence of atheism, and overturns the altars of the old religions only to worship self and the all mighty dollar. True radicalism is positive, affirmative, not negative; a seeker of agreement, unity, and not of difference; a puller down of only what obstructs the rising of a more divine and universal temple. Resenting imposition and authority, it has respect for all sincere beliefs, and loves to find the truth there is or ever was in each. Now much of that transcendental radicalism was of this temper, and naturally found a reconciling, saving grace in Art; in music, most of all, as the most fluid, subtle, sympathetic of the arts; the Christian, modern, youngest art, which, weaving airy motion into forms immortal, best illustrates life's perpetual *becoming*, and does not stand a milestone of arrested progress; the art which, while it is infinitely expressive and suggestive, does not limit to precise interpretations, to mere word meanings, or too inquisitive thought meanings; does not tie us down to definitions.

We were but babes in music, doubtless, and capable of little scientific understanding of the works we heard with rapture. Shall it be said, then, that this love was mostly affection, or illusion?

What was the so great need of understanding? Are great poems written, are great pictures painted, were the old cathedrals planned and reared, only for those who have themselves the knowledge and the power to do the like? The picture in the window which all passers stop to see was not made solely or mainly for professional enjoyment, but for mere laymen also, ignorant of the art that made it, yet open, it may be, to the full influence and beauty of the thing made. Is nature spread out only for astronomers and physicists and chemists, or to rejoice and raise, refine and harmonize, the unscientific heart and soul of you and me? The least instructed of us may like the greatest kind of music, for the same reason that he likes the greatest kind of man; for the same reason that we enjoy real poetry more than that which is weak and commonplace, or find ourselves happier with Shakespeare than with Tupper. May not a community which prefers an Emerson for its lecturer be credited with all sincerity in choosing to sit under the influence of Beethoven rather than of Verdi, finding itself more warmed thereby? And if you are personally attracted to a fine, deep, genial nature, rather than to a shallow creature of convention, why should you not be to the music into which some finer, deeper natures put their very lives? It is not our own fault, surely, if we find that we love Mozart, as we love Raphael or Shakespeare, and turn to such when we most need strengthening refreshment, while we should be simply bored by miscellaneous concerts, pot-pourris of the hackneyed sentimentalities or flash fancies of third and tenth rate composers. And if a man insist that this is all sheer self-illusion, and that we really do not like the thing we think we do, of what use can it be to argue with him? Friend, be you true to your love, as we too would be true to ours! We will not quarrel.

[To be Continued].

Calvin on Music.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TONIC SOL-FA REPORTER.

SIR, — The curiosities of history sometimes startle us. When we began to examine for ourselves we feel that too often histories have been written rather to conceal or pervert, than to record the truth. When you and I began to study the history of our country, all we could find written of Oliver Cromwell or John Knox impressed us very much with the idea that these worthies should be classed with Draco or Bluebeard. The researches of Macaulay, Carlyle, and McCrie have wrought a wonderful change by bringing the truth to light.

In studying musical history nothing has surprised me more than its perversions and fallacies, arising from prejudices and preconceived notions. I could give you many examples — at present only one. An early historian of Martin Luther gravely writes that he could not pollute the French language by expressing in it much of the history of his life, therefore he records it in Latin, and it is a mercy that such a record can only be found in the libraries of the curious, and in languages which comparatively few can read. In one particular, however, all historians of Luther are agreed, viz., that he was a great musician, and in this respect a perfect contrast to his contemporary John Calvin. The concentrated essence of musical history regarding Calvin as a musician may be found embodied in the history recognized in our Government examinations, where all that is said about him is contained in the following sentence (see Hallah's History, page 73): —

Indeed Calvin, unlike Luther, seems never to have recognized music as a means of religious expression, scarcely even to have appreciated it as an aid to devotion; and the music of his followers has suffered accordingly.

Founded upon such historical statements, so able a lecturer as the Rev. Henry Allon addressed the Young Men's Christian Association in Exeter Hall in 1862 as follows (see Lectures, page 304):

Calvin was utterly destitute of musical sensibility, as every page of his works and every element of his character indicate; he was too much of a theological formula to have much of the genius of song. And this unhappy defect has deprived his writings of the broad human sympathy which so characterized Luther's, and has entailed upon all the churches that bear his name such musical asceticism and poverty. In no Calvinistic Country — American, Scotch, Dutch, and in so far as it is Calvinistic, English, is there a church song. The musical Luther has filled Germany with rich church hymnody; the unmusical Calvin has impoverished Puritan and Presbyterian worship, that its rugged, inartistic, slovenly psalmody has become a bye word and a needless repulsion; for surely there is no piety in discord, nor any especial devoutness in slovenliness; our nature craves something better than the traditional psalm singing of the inharmonious "meeting house." Our affinities are with whatever is best, whether in eloquence, poetry, or music.

And yet, strange to say, it is to Calvin that we owe the introduction of metrical psalmody into the reformed churches of France.

Strange indeed, but let Calvin answer for himself, first by his labors for psalmody, next by his preface to his Psalter.

In 1538-40, Calvin, Miles Coverdale, and the Wedderburns met in exile in Saxony and sat at the feet of Luther. The German singing of praise surprised them all, and each set to work to do for his own countrymen what Luther had done for the German speaking people. Calvin began by putting into French metre the 25th and 46th psalms. He got them set to music at Strasbourg (presumably by Guillaume Franc) and printed a number of copies which he brought to his own congregation on his return to Geneva. They became so popular that he, through a friend in Paris induced Clement Marot to apply his poetical powers to the rendering of David's psalms into French Metre. Marot completed fifty-one before his death, and the remaining ninety-nine were, at Calvin's urgent request, supplied by Beza. Luther had only rendered sixteen into German metre, so that to Calvin belongs the honor of being the first man at whose instance the whole book of psalms was rendered into metre for praise in any living language.

Again as to the music. While the psalms of Luther, Coverdale, and the Wedderburns were sung to the most popular ballad tunes of Germany, England, and Scotland, Calvin's soul revolted from such words being so desecrated, and he set to work to get music supplied suitable for, and worthy of them. He employed first, for this work, Guillaume Franc of Strasbourg, and next Claude Goudimel of Rome. So in music as well as in words he was the first who ever supplied a true and distinctive psalmody. His Psalter is a monument of beauty, which all ages following have used as a mine and a model. The Old 1, Old 44, 46, 68, Old 100, Old 113, 119, 124, 134, 137, 148, and others are familiarly known to all lovers of psalmody as unsurpassed for simplicity, beauty, and grandeur in any country or in any age.

But Calvin not only produced the first French psalter, he also produced the first *English* one. The title-page bears his name and his express sanction. It was printed at Geneva in 1556, for the use of the English-speaking congregation of which, at that time, John Knox was minister. This psalter was brought to England and Scotland on the return of the exiles and was the foundation of Knox's psalter, published in Edinburgh, 1565, and of the English psalter published in London in the same year.

Calvin's labors in this work began in 1538, and did not cease till his "fully HARMONIZED psalter for use in public worship" appeared in 1561; thus he labored during twenty-three years of his life in this cause.

The first edition, containing 51 psalms with music, appeared at Geneva in 1548, bearing a remarkable preface, which appeared with all the numberless future editions of this work, but which, surely, historians and critics have either shut their eyes to, or been unable to read.

Let it speak for itself. No more thorough, hearty, comprehensive, and exalted views of psalmody have ever been expressed. Let his

torians and critics reconcile them with their own expressed statements as they best can.

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July, 1870.

[Extract from Calvin's preface to the Genevan Psalter].

To all Christians, lovers of the Word of God, greeting. — As for public prayers, there are two kinds of them — the one is expressed in words only, the other with song; and this is no recent invention, for from the first origin of the church this has been the case, as appears in history. And even St. Paul does not speak of verbal prayer alone, but also of singing. And in truth, we know by experience that song has great force and power in moving and inflaming the heart of man to invoke and praise God with more vehement and ardent zeal.

It should always be seen to that the song should not be light and frivolous, but that it have weight and majesty, as saith Saint Augustine; and also that there is a great difference between the music that is employed for the enjoyment of men at table, and in their houses, and the psalms which they sing in church in the presence of God and his angels. But when the form here given is rightly judged of, we hope that it will be found holy and pure; seeing that it is simply constructed for the edification of which we have spoken, as well as that the use of singing may be greatly extended. So that even in the houses and on the fields, it may be to us an incitement and an instrument or means to praise God and raise our hearts to Him; and to console us in meditating on His power, goodness, wisdom, and justice, which is more necessary for us than we know how to express.

For the first, it is not without cause that the Holy Spirit exhorts us so carefully, by the Holy Scripture, to rejoice ourselves in God, and that all our joy should rest there as its true end. For He knows how truly we are inclined to please ourselves in vanity. Thus while our nature draws and leads us to seek all means of foolish and vicious enjoyment — on the contrary, our Lord, to separate and draw us from the allurements of the flesh and of the world, presents to us every possible means to fill us with that spiritual joy which He commends so much to us.

But amongst other things which are suitable for the recreation of men, and for yielding them pleasure, music is either the first, or one of the chief, and we must esteem it a gift of God bestowed for that end. Therefore, by so much the more, we ought to see that it is not abused, for fear of soiling and contaminating it; turning that to our condemnation which was given for our profit and good. Even were there no other consideration than this alone, it ought to move us to regulate the use of music, so as to make it subservient to all good morals, and that it should not give occasion for loosing the bridle of dissoluteness, that it should not lead to voluptuousness, nor be the instrument of immodesty and impurity.

But further, there is scarcely anything in this world which can more powerfully turn or bend hither and thither the manners of men, as Plato has wisely remarked. And in fact we experimentally feel that it has a secret and incredible power over our hearts to move them one way or other. Therefore we ought to be so much the more careful to regulate it in such a manner, that it may be useful to us, and in no way pernicious. For this reason, the ancient doctors of the church often complained that the people of their time were addicted to disgraceful and immodest songs, which, not without cause, they esteemed and called a deadly and satanic poison for corrupting the world.

But in speaking of music I include two parts, to wit, the words, or subject and matter; secondly, the song or melody. It is true that all evil words, as saith St. Paul, corrupt good manners, but when melody is united to them, they much more powerfully pierce the heart, and enter in: just as when by a funnel wine is poured into a

vessel, so poison and corruption is infused into the depth of the heart by the melody.

What then is to be done? It is to have songs not only pure, but also holy, that they may be incitements to stir us up to pray to and praise God, and to meditate on His works, in order to love Him, fear Him, honor and glorify Him. But what St. Augustine says is true, that none can sing things worthy of God but he who has received the power from Himself. Wherefore when we have sought all round, searching here and there, we shall find no songs better and more suitable for this end than the Psalms of David which the Holy Spirit dictated and gave him. And therefore when we sing them, we are as certain that God has put words into our mouths as if He Himself sang within us to exalt His glory. Wherefore Chrysostom exhorts all men and women and little children to accustom themselves to sing them as a means of associating themselves with the company of angels; further, we must remember what St. Paul says, that spiritual songs cannot be sung well but with the heart; but the heart requires the understanding: and in that, saith St. Augustine, lies the difference between the song of man and that of birds; for a linnet, a nightingale, and a jay (*papegay*), may sing well, but it will be without understanding.

But the peculiar gift of man is to sing knowing what he says. Further, the understanding ought to accompany the heart and affections, which cannot be unless we have the song imprinted in our memory, that we may ever be singing it.

This present book, for this cause, besides what otherwise has been said, ought to be particularly acceptable to every one who desires, without reproach, and according to God, to rejoice in seeing his own salvation, and the good of his neighbours; and thus has no need to be much recommended by me, as it carries in itself its own value and praise. Only let the world be well advised, that instead of songs partly vain and frivolous, partly foolish and dull, partly filthy and vile, and consequently wicked and hurtful, which it has heretofore used, it should accustom itself hereafter to sing these heavenly and divine songs, with good king David.

Touching the music, it appeared best that it should be simple in the way we have put it, to carry weight and majesty suitable for the subject, and even to be sung in church as has been said.

GENEVA, 10th June 1543.

Bethoven's Pianoforte Sonatas.

From Domenico Scarlatti down to Frederick Chopin, a series of cembalists, clavecinists, and pianists, rich in talent, art, and genius, have produced such a collection of select works, that the like of it can probably be shown by no other branch of musical literature. But there are two collections pre-eminent above the rest in this abundant store of rich musical creations: the *Fugues and Preludes* (the *Wohltemperirte Klavier*) of Johann Sebastian Bach, and the *Sonatas* of Ludwig Beethoven. Both works have been so fully discussed and so fully analyzed; such varied meanings have been attributed to them; they have been so celebrated and praised from so many different points of view, that every person who thinks about the matter must come to the conviction that they are inexhaustible. And so they are. They are a never-failing source of study for the composer and the pianist, and of delight for the educated listener. At present, however, our business is confined to the Sonatas of Beethoven, and these we will now proceed to consider.

Most of our German composers have grown up at the piano. They learned to employ practically this compendium of instrumental sound, vocal melody, harmony and polyphony, and it became for them an organ, a second tongue, a part of themselves. Upon it they could adequately render even the slightest musical emotions — could, so to speak, lend words to every momentary mood of their tone-filled soul. What Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven expressed upon the piano in their hours of solitude, exceeded probably, in purport, if not in finished form, anything they ever noted down. But this confidential intimacy between a composer and his instrument, strikes us in no case with such marvellous clearness as in that of Beethoven. If, in his mighty Symphonies, he speaks like, as it were, some ideal popular orator to the masses, raising them to the highest sentiments of re-

fined humanity; and if, in his stringed Quartets, he endeavors to attain almost dramatic multiplicity of form, in his Pianoforte Sonatas he talks to himself, or, if the reader prefers it, to his instrument, as to his most dearly loved friend. He tells his most secret joys and woes, his yearnings and his love, his hopes and his despair. We perceive, bared before us, an entire, full, genuine, inward human life — healthy, solid and manly. Whether Beethoven gives way to the outpourings of passion, or to mournful laments; whether he jokes, plays, dreams, laughs or weeps, he is always simple and true. We discover in him nothing far-fetched, nothing stilted, nothing affected, and nothing falsely sentimental; the profoundest things appear before us unvarnished and unpretentious. There are some great and extraordinary men who utter the most important things, without desiring them to be heard; and, at the same time, have no reason to dread anyone hearing their slightest utterance — and this is the case with Beethoven in his Pianoforte Sonatas.

We frequently come across people who have a notion that, contrary to other composers of the highest rank, Beethoven is more especially the singer of sorrow and of mourning, of the most violent and passionate anguish of the soul. Nothing can be less true. It is certainly a fact that he has lent the night sides of the mind such tones as no one ever lent it before. But, if we glance over his compositions as a whole, we find, even in his latest and most rugged ones, that the most prominent feature is: they are vigorous cheerfulness, good natured joy, pleasing reflection, serious and resolute vitality. How often does he sink into blissful dreams! how often give himself up to the most childlike enjoyment! The high spirits of a youth seize on him, even after he has attained ripe manhood; the battle of life renders him serious, and sometimes gloomy, but never down-hearted, far less sick of existence. "He was a man — take him all in all," we never looked upon his life before.

The application of what has been said to the various Sonatas separately would lead to nothing. Just as it is indisputable that these Sonatas run through an endless circle of human sensations and moods of mind, it would be difficult to designate, in the case of each one, those sensations and moods, by words, the assumed precision of which would in the end prove insufficient after all. It is no empty phrase, though it has been so often repeated, that music commences where speech leaves off — provided, of course, that the former is content to exercise sway in its own proper sphere. How often would the character of different compositions, even though a man possessed Goethe's copious vocabulary, have to be described by similar, nay, by counterpart, words; and yet how great would be the variety of tone-forms apparent to the most musically ignorant hearer!

A much more important occupation than discovering or accepting expressions portraying our various mental moods, is, without a doubt, for those who intend devoting themselves to the study of Beethoven's Sonatas, the task of obtaining a clear idea of the structure of those Sonatas, both in the general outlines and in the details. By doing this, they will more easily understand the Sonatas, and derive higher intellectual gratification from them. Is it not something elevating to see how the boldest fancy, after seeking sustenance in the deepest recesses of the soul, willingly performs a subject's duty under the ordering mind? Never, not even in what was apparently the wildest flight of his genius, never did Beethoven lose the reins; however high the regions to which his Pegasus may rise, he is able to guide and manage him.

No serious, conscientious teacher should neglect explaining to those entrusted to his charge the principles and nature of the laws developed, for centuries, by a sort of natural necessity, in the forms of instrumental music. They are so simple that their leading characteristics may be made clear to the most childlike intellect — every step forward will of course enable the student to penetrate into them more deeply. That Beethoven, in close connection with his great predecessors, submitted to these laws renders him doubly great; he did not come to annul the law, but to fulfil it.

Would that our art, which is more full of soul than any other, were not bound by so many tight bonds to matter! Would that Beethoven's Sonatas were as accessible to every educated man, as the poems of our great lyric poet! But the nature of our art not only forbids this — it even deprives the majority of those who busy themselves with music and the piano, of the full enjoyment of these high works, at least in their entirety. For these works make demands upon the executant which it is not easy to satisfy. The necessary natural gifts are found here and there; would that the indispensable seriousness and industry were always found with them!

Beethoven's pianoforte music—even leaving out of consideration the few extraordinarily difficult pieces—requires thoroughly good and solid execution. But the first requisites of such execution are, likewise, almost the rarest—a vigorous, and yet soft touch, and the greatest possible independence of the fingers. Beethoven never writes difficulties in order that the executant may gain laurels by overcoming them, but he is deterred by no practical inconvenience which may be necessary to express decisively and clearly his idea. Thus we meet in works, which are reckoned among his easier ones, detached passages presupposing a tolerably high degree of digital dexterity; and if a fine style of execution always demands, properly speaking, that whatever the performer executes should be half play to him, this is an almost indispensable condition with compositions of such intellectual profundity as Beethoven's. It is, therefore, not advisable that his Sonatas should be taken by, or confided to, hands not properly prepared for them. If anyone is so far advanced as to be able to master their execution, he will derive double pleasure, and double advantage from a thorough study of them, and be able to raise himself without hindrance by their aid.

The most essential figures employed by Beethoven are based upon the scale, and upon broken chords. They belong to that style of playing which is described more especially as the Clementi-Cramer school. The *Studies* of these noble representatives of sterling pianoforte playing will always constitute the best foundation for playing Beethoven's works, and the practice of the former should be uninterruptedly pursued with the study of the latter.

Fortunately, Beethoven's fertile creative powers have produced fruit for every epoch of life, and—of pianoforte playing. We may reward even the zeal of a studious child by letting him play the two short Sonatas published after the composer's death, Sonatas which seem to us rather as though written for beginners, and not by a beginner. But care should be taken not to offer young minds, while too immature, pieces which, though easy (but, in some degree, easy only apparently) as far as absolute execution is concerned, demand a power of conception and of realization far beyond the demands which can be made on the fingers. What person with any experience of musical life does not remember, for instance, having heard the Pathetic Sonata played with a naïveté of style proving how near the Sublime and the Ridiculous lie to each other! Such mistakes are of everyday occurrence.

We have endeavored to append to these lines a list of Beethoven's Sonatas, arranged with regard to the demands they make on the heart and mind, as well as upon the fingers of the performer. It is hardly necessary to say that such a list could not be drawn up with mathematical accuracy, and that, besides this, it was necessarily influenced by personal views, perhaps more so than was right. What is more or less easy to master or to comprehend, depends, in every case, on different premises. But if our well-meant experiment simply resulted in our rendering the task of selection more easy for anyone, or in our saving him from any very great mistakes, we should not consider the pains we have taken as being thrown away.

The present system of music publishing has facilitated, in a manner which would formerly have been incredible, the acquisition of our classical masterpieces. New editions of them, especially of those by Beethoven, are published everywhere. Any one can purchase his Beethoven for a very little. It is only to be hoped that the master will be as frequently played as purchased, and realized by the fingers as beautifully as by the graver; in which case he will become an inmate not only of every house but of every heart.

FERDINAND HILLER.

Beethoven as a "Postillon D'Amour."

In an article headed "A Contribution to the Beethoven Festival," in the *Neu-Freie Presse*, appears the following account of the meeting of Beethoven and Herr Ludwig Löwe, of the Imperial Theatre, Vienna. The circumstance was known probably to but very few, and was never before published.

Ludwig Löwe—says the writer of the article in question—that everlastingly youthful artist, who is quite as captivating a *virtuoso* in narrating in private, as he is in impersonating on the stage, told me a good deal of his eventful life one evening as we were sitting in the gardens of the jovial "Spezi-Wirth," at Velden, on the banks of the Würthersee. We were about separating, when Löwe stopped me by exclaiming, "Halloa! I must tell you about my acquaintanceship with Beethoven." What! did you really know Beethoven? I enquired with joyful curiosity. "Aye, that I did. He was my *postillon d'amour* at Teplitz." Taking a complacent pull at

his pipe, Löwe continued: "It was in the summer of 1811. I was a perfect novice, and obtained an engagement at Prague, under the celebrated manager, Liebh. At his order, I began, however, my professional duties at the watering-place of Teplitz, where a part of his company performed during the summer. I used to dine regularly at a modest inn called the Blue Star, between the 'Platz' and the Post Office. It is no longer in existence. The land-lord's daughter, a well behaved, charming creature, used, in the old patriarchal fashion, to wait upon the customers. She and I soon took a liking to each other; our glances kept meeting more and more frequently, and growing more and more expressive, but the number of other customers, who were impatient and wanted to be served, rendered all conversation between us impossible. 'Come at a later hour,' she whispered to me one day, 'when the other customers are gone. At three o'clock you will seldom find any one, except Beethoven, the composer, and he will not be in the way. His hearing is bad.' I joyfully took the hint, and used to go every afternoon at three o'clock, Beethoven, who dined at a side table, really being the only person there. As he paid little attention to us, he proved not merely not to be in the way, but was even welcome as a means of diverting suspicion. My liking for the maiden was profound and passionate, and it was my intention to marry her. Her stern parents looked, however, askance upon her acquaintanceship with the poor young actor, and at last, without more ado, forbade me their house. How great was our despair! We wanted to correspond secretly, but through whom? Suddenly I thought of my neighbor at table, Beethoven. He would help us. Despite his serious taciturnity, he had struck me as not being unfriendly. A gleam of kindly feeling frequently shot from out his bold and defiant face. He was accustomed to take a walk every morning at eleven o'clock, in the most retired part of the Park. I lay in wait, and approached him with a most respectful salutation. He recognized me instantly, and inquired why I did not dine any more at the Blue Star. The question greatly facilitated the introduction of the subject for which I had come. With the utmost frankness, I told him all about the state of my heart, and my expulsion from my Paradise, concluding with a timid interrogation as to whether he would not take charge of a note, and give it, unobserved, at dinner time, to the maiden. 'Why not?' he exclaimed, seemingly pleased at my confidence in him. 'You mean nothing wrong; so hand it over.' With these words he stuck the note in his pocket, and was again about to set off at a trot. 'I beg your pardon, Herr van Beethoven,' I said, detaining him, 'that is not all.' 'Oh! what else is there?' 'You must also bring back the answer.' 'All right! Then wait for me to-morrow in the walk.' I really received the coveted answer through Beethoven. In this manner, like a good fellow as he was, he carried our love-letters backwards and forwards for five or six weeks, until he—and, shortly afterwards, I myself—was obliged to leave Teplitz."

Such was Löwe's story; I cannot convey in writing the charm with which it was told, but (with Löwe's express permission) I have given a correct account of its purport. I have simply to add that Löwe corresponded for a year or so with the land-lord's pretty daughter. Typhus, the unfailing follower of a period of sanguinary war, carried her off. Löwe, whose brilliant talent had soon displayed itself at Prague, obtained an engagement, in 1824, at the Burgtheater, Vienna. He lost no time in visiting Beethoven. He found him very much aged; broken physically and morally, and completely deaf. Beethoven did not recollect his visitor, who despite all his endeavors, could not make himself understood. So their second meeting was their last. But Löwe preserves a grateful remembrance of the service which Beethoven rendered him at Teplitz, and which was probably one of the most original and friendly episodes in the great composer's life.—*London Musical World*.

Mr. Benedict's St. Peter.

The critic of the *Birmingham Daily Post*, after attending the band rehearsals for the Birmingham Festival, thus reports of the new Oratorio:

"Mr. Benedict's *St. Peter*, which constituted the second and weightiest subject of rehearsal yesterday, is still in too imperfect a state to allow of detailed description or definite judgment, more particularly in the absence of the choral effects; but it is evident, by the care and elaboration bestowed on the instrumental parts, and the general elevation and refinement of the principal vocal themes, that the composer has laid himself out in this instance for a test work—one that may bear the same relation to his *St. Cecilia* as Mendelssohn's *Elijah* did to his *St. Paul*. The theme is certainly a suggestive one, and worthy

of the loftiest effort of musical art which it may inspire. Mendelssohn long ago recognized its suitability for musical treatment, and in a long and thoughtful letter which he addressed to Pastor Schubring, the friend to whom he was so deeply indebted for suggestions and contributions for *St. Paul*, he discusses at considerable length the merits of the theme. 'Several outward reasons,' he observes, 'are in favor of choosing St. Peter for the particular festival he had then in view; but independently of these, he had a great wish in connection with some plan for a later oratorio "to bring the two chief apostles and pillars of the Christian Church side by side in oratorio"—in short, that he should have a *St. Peter* as well as a *St. Paul*. There were sufficient internal grounds to make him prize the subject, chief among them being the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, which he thought should form the central point or chief object; but he was apparently in doubt if the position occupied by St. Peter in Scripture, and apart from the dignity he enjoys in the Catholic and Protestant Churches as Pope and Martyr, would suffice for the basis of a symbolical oratorio, and it was chiefly to resolve this doubt that he consulted Pastor Schubring. What was the issue of that consultation we are not informed, but, inasmuch as the projected oratorio was never begun, we may assume that Pastor Schubring's reply did not favor the possibility of a libretto of *St. Peter* derived entirely from Scripture. As Mendelssohn's ideas of the manner in which this subject should be treated necessarily possess great interest in connection with Mr. Benedict's work, we extract the passage in which his difficulties are expressed. It is as follows:—The question, therefore, is, and this you can decide far better than I can (because you possess the knowledge in which I am deficient, to guide you), whether the place that Peter assumes in the Bible, divested of the dignity which he enjoys in the Catholic or Protestant Churches, as a martyr, or the first Pope, &c., &c.—whether what is said of him in the Bible, is alone and in itself, sufficiently important to form the basis of a symbolical oratorio. For, according to my feeling, the subject must not be treated historically, however indispensable this was in the case of *St. Paul*. In historic handling, Christ must appear in the earlier part of St. Peter's career, and when he appears, St. Peter could not lay claim to the chief interest. I think, therefore, it must be symbolical; though all the historical points might probably be introduced,—the betrayal and repentance, the keys of heaven given him by Christ, his preaching at Pentecost—but all this, not in a historical, but prophetic light, if I may so express myself, in close connection.' * * * * *

'The chief thing, however, is the first point, for I am still in the dark about it; in fact, about the possibility of the whole undertaking. Write to me as soon as you can on the matter. In thinking it over, my first idea was that the subject must be divided into two parts: the first, from the moment of forsaking the fishermen's nets down to the 'Tu es Petrus,' with which it must close; the second to consist of the feast of the Pentecost only; from the misery after the death of Christ and repentance of Peter, to the outpouring of the Holy Ghost.' We have been thus circumstantial in setting forth Mendelssohn's views as to the mode in which the theme might be treated, not only on account of the interest always attached to the plans of so accomplished a master of oratorio, but because we are still in the dark as to that which Mr. Benedict has followed. At present, our only information regarding either the text or the music, is derived from the vocal solos and band parts rehearsed in London, yesterday; and even these, we understand, were not complete. Under these circumstances it would be manifestly impossible to furnish any outline of the oratorio, and we can only speak in the most vague and general terms of its distribution and style. As well as can be gathered from the skeleton programme contained in the Festival scheme, the work consists altogether of some fifty-four numbers, comprising, besides the more ordinary elements and combinations peculiar to oratorio, an orchestral interlude suggestive of evening prayer, followed by the rising of a storm, a dead march, a choral recitative, an unaccompanied quartet, and choruses, for male and female voices separately. Many of the most effective numbers consist of solos accompanied by, or interspersed with, chorus—a combination to which Mr. Benedict is very partial. Even a *catalogue raisonné* of so lengthy a series of movements would be beyond our time and limits, besides being unfair to the composer in the present stage of his work; and we must therefore defer all analysis. We may observe in general terms, however, that the writing is in a much stricter style than any of the composer's works. The fugal form is freely employed in more than one of the choruses, and in all the ideas are developed with great thoroughness and elaboration, and with every diversity of contrapuntal treatment. Although

the composer appears to have chosen for his oratoria the historical, in preference to the symbolical form favored by Mendelssohn, and to have relied mainly, if not wholly, on Scriptural texts, the treatment is less dramatic than might be supposed from the known predilections of Mr. Benedict. Nevertheless there is a striking example of tone painting in the orchestral interlude already referred to, and the accompaniments to the contralto recitative: 'But the ship.' All the phases of a sea storm are here suggested in forms as impressive as they are artistic and appropriate; and not even the composer's old master, Weber, could have depicted the fury of the winds, and the trouble of the waters, the flashing of the lightning, or the rolling of the thunder with more vividness and vigor, than they are here represented. The unaccompanied quartet which ushers in the final chorus of the first part is remarkable chiefly for the skill and ingenuity of its modulations; but its melodic beauty is not in proportion to its harmonic subtlety, as the extreme difficulty of the music for unaccompanied voices renders a certain loss of tonality in the course of the performance scarcely avoidable. Though the chorus was absent yesterday, the general effect of some of the choral numbers could be fairly gathered from the instrumental performance; and among these may be mentioned as specially impressive the opening chorus, 'They that go down to the sea,' an exceedingly graceful and captivating movement, in six-eight time; the so-called 'chorus of Benedict' commencing 'The Lord be a lamp unto thy feet,' a sweet and soothing *andante* very charmingly instrumented; the descriptive storm chorus, 'The deep uttereth'; the grand final chorus of the first part, 'Praise ye the Lord,' which is developed with impressive breadth and vigor; 'How art thou fallen?' an exceedingly spirited and dramatic *allegro*, in six-eight time; and the angry and not less dramatic chorus, 'They are all revolvers,' with its fine antiphonal effects and agitated accompaniment. All the solos and concerted pieces are of great merit, and several of them are exceedingly captivating. There is an exceedingly brilliant and effective *bravura* for the soprano voice, with chorus, 'The Lord hath His way,' in which Mdlle. Tietjens yesterday produced a great sensation; and in a different style the tender, plaintive, wailing air, 'I mourn as a dove,' for the same voice, is also deserving of high praise. For the chief contralto there is abundance of excellent recitatives, in addition to a fine air in triple time, 'O thou afflicted,' which is as melodious as it is plaintive and expressive. Madame Patey's fine voice was heard to great advantage yesterday in this music. In the absence of Mr. Sims Reeves from the rehearsal, we can only faintly imagine how his voice is likely to be suited in the principal tenor music of *St. Peter*: but the composer, at all events, has provided ample opportunities for the tenor voice in the airs, 'I am the voice,' 'O, house of Jacob,' and 'The Lord is very pitiful' to say nothing of numerous recitations and concerted pieces. Mr. Santley, who is always in earnest in what he attempts, produced a great impression by his singing of the fine baritone airs, 'How great, O Lord,' 'Now know I,' 'Though all men shall be offended,' 'O that my head,' 'Remember, O Lord,' 'I call upon Thy name,' and the solo, with chorus, 'As thy soul lies.' Indeed the baritone voice has been specially favored by Mr. Benedict.

The "National Musical Congress."

(Reported for the New York Tribune.)

First Day, Aug. 30.

PAPERS BY MESSRS. HENRY C. WATSON, L. H. SOUTHARD, AND JAMES PECH.

The second annual meeting of the National Musical Congress began yesterday at Steinway Hall. At the business session held in the morning, the reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were read, and the standing committees were appointed. Among the leading musical gentlemen were Mr. Eben Tourjée of Boston, Dr. J. G. Barnett, of Hartford, Mr. T. F. Seward of Orange, N. J., Mr. S. A. Emery of Boston, Dr. E. Wentworth of Pittsfield, Mass.; Mr. Benj. Jepson of New Haven, Mr. C. C. Converse of Brooklyn, Mr. John P. Morgan, organist of Trinity Church, and Samuel Jackson of New York, besides others who took part in the public exercises. Fifty ladies and gentlemen assembled in the afternoon. After an organ voluntary by C. B. Schuyler, the meeting was called to order at 3 o'clock by L. H. Southard of Baltimore, who made a few remarks concerning the objects of the Congress. The Rev. Charles F. Deems of the "Church of the Strangers" then offered prayer, and Henry C. Watson of New York followed with a paper entitled "The National Musical Congress—its Duties and its Objects."

These unpretentious Conventions have done missionary work in music, and laid a deep foundation,

on which we hope to raise a beautiful structure whose breadth and individuality shall, at no distant day, command the attention and admiration of the world. Besides these gatherings, the Peace Jubilee at Boston in 1869 was a great link in the chain of events which led to the formation of what I believe will be the most important musical organization in the world, namely, the National Musical Congress. This body has several important objects. *First*: It aims to bind in one bond of brotherhood all the musicians of the United States. To do this it proposes to aid and promote the formation of choral societies wherever sufficient singers can be found to combine together for practice and performance. Such societies, affiliating with the Congress, will be furnished with the necessary music for practice at cost price. Other assistance will be granted when the funds of the Congress admit, and advice will be promptly given as to the balance of voices, the music to be studied, and the best method of practice. *Second*: To urge the universality of musical instruction by note in the public schools. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are annually spent on the pretext that our public school children are taught singing, and all we have to show for it is an occasional vocal exhibition. *There all the singers sing by ear!* This instruction is all a lie and a sham, a fraud which it will be the duty of this Congress to expose, and, if possible, remedy. The teachers do their best, and the fault really lies in the system, and in the ignorance of Boards of Education. In Massachusetts the children are taught to read notes in the public schools with remarkable and admirable facility. *Third*: Musical instruction for working men and women. The Germans, much wiser and happier than the Americans, number their singing societies by hundreds. Our City Government has ordained that the tired laboring men and women shall stand up two hours each afternoon, if they choose, to listen to the performance of a wind instrument band. The time appointed almost precludes the true laboring class from enjoying this music. These entertainments are costly, and practically of little service. The authorities might much better give the use of some public buildings, armories, for instance, where workmen and women could assemble and receive gratuitous instruction in sight-singing and music. *Fourth*: To establish a standard of musical taste in sacred and secular music. The present general standard of musical taste is at the very lowest ebb, owing in large measure to the flooding of the market with compositions bad in grammar, maudlin in sentiment, and wretched in taste. It should be the duty of this Congress to discountenance those flashy compositions, and to endeavor to create a purer taste. Moreover, the market is flooded with bad church-music books, and everywhere the taste of the people is vitiated. This subject will require decided yet delicate treatment. The Congress may assume, in connection with organists and choir leaders, the preparation of church music books, as well as vocal and instrumental books of instruction. *Fifth*: To encourage and assist native talent. Such are the salient points in the platform of the National Musical Congress. It is young yet, only a year old, but its present strength, numbers over 2,300 members, is an earnest of what it will be in a few years. We shall yet see every man, woman, and child in the country who has a voice, joining in a grand choral harmony, and then the mission of the National Musical Congress will in part be accomplished.

Mr. Carlyle Petersilea, a leading Boston pianist, played Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, and Mr. William Mason of Orange, N. J., played a Ballade by Chopin in A flat op. 47, and a little piece entitled "Silver Spring," of his own composition.

L. H. Southard, Director of Music at the Peabody Institute, Baltimore, then read a paper on Musical Criticism. A musical literature, a musical criticism, is an indispensable necessity toward a national school of art and a cultivated popular taste. Without it is mere anarchy. With it comes real culture, and the elevation of musical art to its proper share in the daily thought and life of the people. True, we must not lose sight of the fact that to a certain extent the public is to blame for whatever may be faulty in the musical press of the day. If there is little or no demand for high-toned and instructive articles, there will certainly be but a small supply. It is beyond question that we have in our three or four leading musical journals, and attached to a few of our most influential newspapers, gentlemen fully capable of writing with keen insight and just discrimination, and who sometimes give us articles which justly deserve to become part of our standard literature. But it cannot be denied that they reach a comparatively small class of readers, and that any marked improvement in popular taste must be heralded, or at least accompanied by a corresponding change in the method of treatment of musical matters by the average daily press. Let us urge then upon those who undertake

to enlighten the public, the duty of making themselves at least a little acquainted with the estimation of elaborate works; of freeing themselves completely from all merely personal professions or prejudices, of merging the artist completely in the art itself, and of separating the private interests of the individual from the public interest so far as they may be incompatible.

Nor is the essayist's influence in educating the public taste and appreciation of less importance than the critic's. A great composer must have a proper musical atmosphere or his works die of suffocation, and it is the peculiar province of those who lead public opinion through the press to furnish such an atmosphere; which is obviously not to be done by merely accommodating one's self to the average taste of the general public. It is the critic's duty to pry the public out of those ruts to which it continually gravitates if left to itself, to make it feel the ugliness of tinsel and commonplace, and appreciate the sublime and beautiful. In doing this he becomes at once a public benefactor. No amount of merely material prosperity, wealth, or enterprise alone, constitutes a great nation. There must be added to these a love for science and art in their highest forms, and a general love for them as most important elements in the formation of national character. As a young nation, with heretofore urgently imperative geographical and political problems to solve, with hundreds of thousands of square miles to prepare for human habitation, and with gigantic public works to construct, it is not at all discreditable to us that we have as yet produced no Shakespeare or Milton, no Michael Angelo or Brunelleschi, no Handel or Beethoven, as indeed there has been no atmosphere for them. But the time seems to be ripe for a movement to prepare for such an atmosphere.

The attendance in the evening was nearly as large as in the afternoon. The Rev. Dr. E. Wentworth presided, and, after a voluntary on the organ, by J. H. Cornell, Dr. James Pech of New York read an able paper on "Academical Degrees in Music," in which he aimed to refute the objections urged against professors and faculties of music, and urged forcibly that great advantages would result from the establishment of choirs of music and collegiate courses of scientific musical instruction.

Second Day, August 31.

PAPERS BY MESSRS. T. F. SEWARD, S. D. TILLMAN, C. PETERSILEA, AND J. O'NEILL.

The sessions of Wednesday were well attended, and the proceedings were interesting throughout. At the opening of the morning meeting Theodore F. Seward of Orange, N. J., read a paper discussing the question, "What can this association do to revive an interest in elementary musical instruction?" Mr. Seward, while admitting that in the higher forms of musical culture the progress of this country during the past twenty-five years has been truly wonderful, said that the foundation of the superstructure has been gradually crumbling away till there is scarcely anything of it to be seen. The results may be observed on every side. Many choir members, who sing in excellent style and taste, cannot analyze the simplest tune, and give an intelligent account of the characters by which it is represented. The grand cause of the lack of elementary knowledge is that the old-fashioned singing school is passing out of existence, and nothing has arisen to take its place. It is true that much of the instruction at such schools was inexplicably bad, yet there was withal much thorough practice, and so a knowledge of the subject was finally gained as a result of prolonged experience. The remedy is the holding of short, continuous courses of instruction in different places, in which meetings shall be held every night for two weeks, or such time as may be found most practicable. Such courses are termed "Musical Institutes." The advantages of the system are: 1st. That communities can be more thoroughly aroused and interested by such a special effort than by an ordinarily weekly singing school. 2d. It has been demonstrated by actual experience that at least one-half more can be taught by a given number of daily lessons than by the same number of lessons occurring but once a week. 3d. The remuneration of the teacher will be greatly increased. The only way in which congregational singing can be built up and sustained is by a plan like the following: 1. Let the services of a thoroughly competent musician, who is also an earnest Christian, be secured. Let the musical interest of the congregation be committed to his care, just as its spiritual interests are given into the care of the pastor. 2. Let the salary be large, that he may be free to spend whatever time may be necessary for the training of classes and of individuals. 3. Let it be understood that this arrangement is a permanent one. Then in course of years the good

results will follow just as surely as harvests follow seed-sowing. He proposed that a committee of three be appointed to organize musical institutes, the chairman of such committee to report at each annual meeting, stating the number of institutes held during the year, the increase of the work over the preceding year, the number of persons who had been led by the direct influence of the institutes, or of the backers conducting them, to lead the music of the church or the Sunday school, and any other items of interest.

Mr. Seward closed by moving the appointment of a committee of three, one from Boston, one from New York and one from Chicago, to promote and sustain musical institutes on behalf of the congress, as recommended in his paper. Dr. Wentworth doubted the feasibility of this enterprise, for who would pay the teachers? He recommended a bureau of correspondence in New York or Boston for the purpose of establishing communication between such communities as desire musical instruction, and such teachers as desire employment. Mr. Seward, Mr. O'Neil, Mr. Tourjée, Mr. Emery and others shared in the discussion, and the motion was finally referred to a committee of three, consisting of Mr. Seward, Mr. Emery, and Dr. Wentworth.

Professor S. D. Tillman of New York read two papers, one explaining an improvement in the solfeggio, and another upon a new musical notation. The latter was lately read before the American Association at Troy.

At the afternoon session, Dr. Wentworth presided, and Carlyle Petersilea of Boston read a paper on "Reform in the Method of Teaching the Piano-forte." He deprecated the want of systematic arrangement, of accuracy, and of order in our piano-forte instruction books. The contrast between a mechanical finger-stroke and the melodious touch is not even hinted at, and yet it is the most important matter in the whole course of instruction. The mechanical touch is simple; the melodious touch complex. The former, therefore is naturally and absolutely suitable to the beginner, while the latter ought to be taught at a more advanced period of time. It is hence injudicious to awaken a feeling for melodic expression too early, by selecting such pieces for study as require expression. Artificial means which prevent faults and insure certain success should not be despised. The hand-rest is one of them—the metronome another. Another great error seriously interfering with a good mechanism is the neglect of the memory. There is no doubt that without the power of retaining musical ideas, a correct conception of the whole piece, and, of course, a correct performance, is impossible. In teaching, never expect too much of a beginner. Do not crowd different things together. Everything must be simple, perfectly understood and done, before another step can be made. There is no need of perplexing a child with the name of every note, and even different clefs. Everything is to be learned, but only at a time when it is wanted.

At the close of his paper, Mr. Petersilea was asked to give an example of his method, and responded by playing Liszt's concert paraphrase of Mendelssohn's wedding march and fairy-dance, which was received with applause.

In the evening, John O'Neil of Boston read a paper on "The Voice Considered as the Organ of Esthetical Feeling in Art." The speaker aptly compared the human voice to an organ which perpetually shifts its sounding board, and adjusts itself to the true position and proper degree of tension for every note in the scale. And here we find a philosophical analysis of the musical scale afforded by no other instrument, and based on the nature and operation of the passions. All profound emotions of the heart tend to the exclusion of objective imagery and are subjectively absorbed in the contemplation of themselves, while the passions of joy and pleasure abound in all the outward illustrations which nature and the intellect afford. Hence the brilliant high notes of the vocal scale sound in the direction of the head, the seat of fancy and thought, while the grave, deep notes, excluded as it were from the diverting influence of fancy, are directed downward by this intelligent organ to seek their natural dwelling in the breast, the seat of the heart and the passions. Here, then, we perceive a philosophical explanation of the use and import of the ascending and descending series of notes in the musical scale, and this is the first step to the understanding of the voice as the organ of feeling. It is very important to comprehend the effects of passion on the human body and the human voice, if we would acquire the power of giving vocal expression to esthetical feeling.

Third Day, September 1.

PAPERS BY S. A. EMERY, JOHN P. MORGAN, AND OTHERS—RESOLUTIONS AND OFFICERS.

The Musical Congress at Steinway Hall opened its

last day's session yesterday morning with about forty ladies and gentlemen in attendance. C. C. Converse of New York presided, and R. W. Hasted read an interesting paper written by Geo. F. Root of Chicago on the "Philosophy of the Elementary Principles of Music." Geo. W. Haselwood of Providence, R. I., sang "In Native Worth," from *The Creation*, with piano accompaniment by Mr. Petersilea. S. A. Emery of Boston followed with a paper on "The popular taste of America." The subject, said he, assumes at once a paramount importance when we justly estimate the intellectual, moral and religious power of music, and remember the intimate connection of the popular taste with all departments of musical composition and performance. Regarded as a people, Americans must be considered musical, talented, in fact, judging by what they have accomplished. But now arises an important question. Assuming to be true that, as a nation, we are musical, we must candidly ask ourselves if our music be of the best school, so that it shall exert the legitimate influence of true music, refining and elevating us. For the shame I feel I could wish this question to remain unanswered. America, that in all things else requiring profound learning, indomitable enterprise and consummate skill, equals the world, leading in truth, is yet behind all the great nations of the earth, save one, in the Divine Art.

It would be humiliating to rehearse the facts—how songs possessing absolutely no intrinsic merit have reached a sale of many thousands of copies; how meaningless combinations of notes have proved almost fortunes to their owners; how illustrated title pages of "Songs and Dances" have filled the pockets of men whose only music was the ring of a dollar. We all know that popular music is trash. "Old Hundred" is popular, to be sure, in a certain sense, and its solemn goodness, so strong and pure and steadfast, will never cease to make men better. So, too, though in different ways, are "Home, Sweet Home," "America," and scores of other such productions truly popular. But what is known as "popular music" includes none of these. It is even unworthy of the name of music, and yet it must be accepted as the taste of the mass of American people, for it finds a readier and larger sale than all the rest united. It is a national disgrace, and the sooner we regard it in its true light, the sooner we may hope to have it remedied.

John P. Morgan, organist of Trinity Church, was then introduced, and read a paper on "The Study of the Theory of Music in its legitimate Relations to General Education." What question is there, he asked, that our choirs should learn, intellectually as well as instinctively, to refer the tones they sing to their harmonies and to follow intelligently the leading of all the voices or parts? The idea is a false one that a great amount of time is needed for this study. We are convinced that twenty minutes in each week's rehearsal of two hours' duration, if devoted properly to this purpose, would be sufficient to accomplish very great good, no dependence being placed upon study outside of the rehearsals, and the singers would benefit by the rest afforded to the voices. Look at the sad results of the mechanical, unmusical method of conducting the exercise of a choir, as they may be seen in the fate of our *used up* choir boys. Under the present system, even its best application, a boy enters the choir, perhaps as a soprano, at ten or twelve years of age. The choir-master is faithful in the performance of his duty as he has been led to view it by the universal practice of choir-masters. The boy learns to read music, that is, to read his part. He hears good music, and, having a musical soul, learns to love it, he knows not why. Had he any opportunity of learning the laws of composition, so as to be able to compare one work with another, and understand the details of each, even if his knowledge during his course as a choir boy should extend no further than harmony, simple counterpoint, and the outlines of the simplest modulatory forms, he would have learned something of music in such a manner that all his life would have afforded him an intellectual and not a mere sensuous enjoyment. We are in favor, of course, of the introduction of music as a branch of study into our schools. Our children should learn musical notation as they learn to read letter-press. But is this learning music? No more than learning to read letter-press is becoming well-informed in literature; it is only acquiring the means by which one may begin to study music. We are convinced that to rescue the mass of young people who innocently suppose that they are studying music from the slavery to mere mechanical labor under which they are suffering is the great work to be done now. Let the study of the principles of composition be once generally introduced as an essential part of our choir practice, and let our young people, who suppose they are studying music, actually begin to do

so, and it will not be long before the introduction of the study of musical philosophy as a profound science into our colleges will be a matter of course, and a man with defective musical organization will be considered among the learned equally unfortunate, at least, with one having no natural perception of mathematical relations or logical sequences.

Mr. Stephenson proposed, and the Congress adopted, some modifications of the Constitution, fixing the rate of life membership at \$10, making women eligible as delegates to the Congress, and allowing any choral society to join the Congress upon payment of one or more dollars, and to send to the annual convention a number of delegates equal to the number of dollars in its annual payment. A resolution, presented by Mr. Emery in favor of appointing a committee of three to promote musical institutes, was referred to the Board of Managers. The following named persons were admitted as life members of the Congress: Parepa Rosa, C. Louise Kellogg, Christine Nilson, Adelina Patti, Anna Mehlig, John Stephenson, M. Ruger, E. Tourjée, T. F. Seward, G. W. Pettit, C. Petersilea, J. G. Barnett, J. P. Morgan, W. Lee Batterson, J. O'Neill, C. C. Converse, H. C. Watson, and C. J. Stoeckel. At 12 1-2 o'clock the Congress adjourned to attend, by invitation, an organ concert at St. George's Church. Mr. Geo. W. Morgan and Mr. Charles B. Schuyler were the organists and Mrs. Watson and Miss Powell the vocalists. Mr. Morgan played Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" the overture to Rossini's "William Tell," Benedict's "By the Sad Sea Waves" and his own arrangement of "God Save the King." Mr. Schuyler played the "Toccata and Fugue" No. 2, Vol. 3, of Bach and Dudley Buck's organ arrangement of the Star Spangled Banner. Mrs. Watson sang the Ave Maria of Gounod and Miss Powell the Ave Maria of Kücken.

In the afternoon E. Tourjée presided, and the Rev. E. Wentworth, D. D., of Pittsfield, Mass., read a long and interesting paper on "Congregational Singing—Its Advantages, and its Difficulties." After some remarks on the church music of Germany, by J. P. Morgan, a useful paper was read by J. H. Cornell of New York, on "Appropriate Music for the Church Service." Another discussion ensued, in which the average church music of the present day was soundly berated, and its publishers and composers were alike set down as "mercenary individuals."

The following officers of the Congress were elected for the ensuing year:

President—William Mason, New York.

Corresponding and Recording Secretary—Eben Tourjée, Boston, Mass.

Treasurer—H. K. Oliver, Salem, Mass.

Vice Presidents—J. H. Cornell, Dr. R. Ogden Doremus,—in short, "all the world and the rest of mankind."

Directors—John P. Morgan, John Stephenson, Carl Bergman, Geo. F. Bristow, Theo. Thomas, Henry C. Watson, Jas. Peck, Mus. Doc., Otto Singer, Theo. F. Seward, Charles W. Harris, Chas. C. Converse, R. J. Johnson, New York; John K. Paine, P. S. Gilmore, S. A. Emery, Luther H. Holden, Carl Zerrahn, Boston; Charles Jarvis, Philadelphia; Hans Balatka, Chicago; J. J. Barnett, Mus. Doc., New Haven.

The programme for the evening included a song by Miss Nettie Sterling, and papers by Prof. G. J. Sybeckel of Yale College on "Dramatic Poetry" and C. C. Converse of New York on "The Moral Influence of Music."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 10, 1870.

The Coming Season in Boston.

We have promise of a great abundance of good music from the first week in October until June. Our home organizations, choral, orchestral, and those for chamber music, are laying their plans and making ready to begin. Doubtless, too, the number of classical Piano-forte Concerts, by individual artists, of whom we have so many of a high grade, will be even larger than last winter. And artists from abroad, Nilsson especially, will come to bring us new sensations,—perhaps something better.

The Prelude to our season will be furnished from New York, and doubtless will be stimulating and instructive for our own musicians in the solid Acts to follow. Pleased with his brilliant "raids" on Boston last year, both before and after our own concerts,

THEODORE THOMAS, with his model orchestra, announces himself again in greater force. With orchestra increased to nearly sixty instruments, and with Miss ANNA MEHLIG for pianist, he will give ten "Symphony and Popular Concerts," in the Boston Music Hall, during the first half of October, beginning on Tuesday evening, the 4th, and following it up night by night, besides Saturday afternoon, until Monday evening, the 10th; then three more on Friday evening, Saturday afternoon and evening, on the 14th and 15th. The programmes are mainly of the same mixed character as before, but with a somewhat larger portion of the field allotted to the classical element,—to Beethoven especially, in recognition of the centennial anniversary of his birth. Borrowing a hint from the plans of the "Harvard Concerts, which we announced early in the summer, Mr. Thomas will devote one of his evenings and one of his Saturday afternoons to works of Beethoven,—naturally enough anticipating in a great degree our own Beethoven programmes; but there can be no harm in double opportunities of listening to these noble works. For instance, the "Eroica" and 8th Symphonies, the 4th and 5th Piano forte Concertos, the Choral Fantasia, the Overtures to "Egmont," "Coriolan," and "Leonore" (No. 3), are set down for both orchestras. Mr. Thomas will also give of Beethoven: the Pastoral Symphony; portions of the Septet (with all the strings); Andante and Variations from a stringed Quartet, op. 18; the "Kreutzer" Sonata for piano and violin; and the Overture to "King Stephen."

Other classical works in the Thomas programmes are: of Bach: Concerto for 3 violins, 3 violas, 3 cellos and Contra Bass (first time). Gluck: Ballet music from "Paris et Helene." Mozart: Piano Concerto in D minor; Overture to "Magic Flute." Weber: Overtures to "Euryanthe," "Freyschütz"; Concertstück for piano. Schubert: Andante and Scherzo from Symphony in C; Ent'acte from "Rosamunde" (new); "Reitermarsch." Mendelssohn: Overture to "Ruy Blas." Schumann: Piano Concerto; Overture to "Genoveva." Spohr: part of the "Weihe der Töne" Symphony. Rossini: Overtures to "Tell" and "Siege of Corinth." Ferd. Hiller: Piano Concerto in F-sharp minor (new). Henselt: Piano Concerto in F minor.

There will be such familiar light Overtures as: Nicolai's "Merry Wives," Herold's "Zampa," Suppe's "Poet and Peasant," Flotow's "Stradella," and other Overtures quite new to us, as: "Mignon" by A. Thomas, "Medea" by Bargiel, "Semiramis," by Catel (whether the old Professor in the French Conservatoire we are not informed.

The Liszt-Wagner element is to assail our unresponsive ears again, this time with more and heavier siege batteries. Of Liszt, we are to have: "Die Ideale," a Symphonic poem; the "Mephisto Waltz," an episode from Lenau's Faust; "Gretchen," a character portrait from the Faust Symphony; and two Piano Concertos. Of Wagner: Vorspiel to "Lohengrin"; "A Faust Overture"; Overture to "Flying Dutchman," and to "Rienzi." Of Berlioz: March of Pilgrims in his "Harold" Symphony.—With these exceptions, there would seem to be less of the positively noisy element than before; noteworthy is it, that the name of Meyerbeer is utterly withdrawn; he figures neither by "torchlight" nor by Parisian Grand Opera gas daylight. On the other hand, the dear little pianissimos, the "Träumerei's," &c., will win young sentimental hearts not the less surely, though unheralded by such obstreperous thunder. Of the Straus Waltzes, Polkas, and the like, there is liberal promise; and of course, with such an orchestra of virtuosos, there will be no lack of solos (for trombone, 'cello, oboe, French horn, flute, &c.) to please the lovers of such feats of skill. In precision, fineness, brilliancy, and general good style of performance, the Thomas Orchestra will no doubt more than hold its reputation.

Next in order of time comes the opening of the SYMPHONY CONCERTS (Harvard Musical Association), on Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 3,—ten in number, to be continued once a fortnight, regularly, (with two exceptions), ending March 23, 1871. Pains are taken to make the orchestra as much better as possible, both by more careful selection and by more rehearsals. This involving new expense, the subscription price of season tickets has been placed at ten dollars. We have already mentioned that three of the Concerts will be devoted to the recognition of the CENTENNIAL YEAR OF BEETHOVEN: namely, the opening (Nov. 3), the fourth (Dec. 15,—just before the birthday, 17th), and the closing Concert (March 23). On each of these occasions one of his great Symphonies will be given; besides which the Beethoven offerings will include the Dedication Overture (op. 124), the Overtures to "Egmont," "Coriolanus," and, for an instructive novelty, all the four Overtures which he composed for *Fidelio* (or *Leonore*) in four successive concerts, the great No. 3 to come in the birthday week; also the two greatest of the piano Concertos, No. 4, in G, and No. 5, in E flat, and (first time for many years) the Fantasia for Piano, Orchestra and Chorus. As this chorus contains the first hint of the Ninth Symphony, it may be expected that the Handel and Haydn Society will perform that great work, for their share of the Beethoven week, on the Saturday or Sunday evening following; and, to make the Festival complete, that all our classical Societies and Clubs,—the Quintette Club, the Listemann Quartet, as well as several of our leading pianists—will each give a Beethoven Concert, at some hour of day or evening that week.

The Symphonies for the seven concerts before and after the birthday concert will represent Beethoven's great predecessors and followers in that line, in their historical order. Thus for the second concert, Haydn in C minor (first time); for the third, Mozart in C ("Jupiter"); then BEETHOVEN, No. 7, in A; after which Schubert (the great No. 9, in C,—and also, later, if the parts arrive in time, another in C, arranged by Joachim from the Grand Duo, op. 140, which is so symphonic in ideas and plan), Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Gade (a new one, No. 3, in A minor).

Other choice selections (many for the first time) have been made from the orchestral works of Bach, Gluck, Cherubini, Mendelssohn, Weber, Schubert, Schumann, Gade, Rietz, Liszt, Wagner, Rossini, Raff, Grimm, Volkmann, &c.;—from Concertos and Solos by Bach, Viotti, Spohr, Moscheles, Chopin, &c.; besides some vocal pieces. It would be premature as yet to enter into more particulars. The Orchestra will be, as before, under the direction of Mr. CARL ZERRAHN, with Mr. B. LISTEMANN for leading violin.—The time for the sale of season tickets (not before the middle of October) will be duly announced.

The Swedish singer, CHRISTINE NILSSON, brightest star that has risen on Europe since the Lind, they say, and now in the ascendant, will soon be in this country. Her concert troupe, convoyed by Maurice Strakosch, includes Vieuxtemps, the famous violinist; Miss Anna Cary, our Boston contralto, who has sung for a year or two past with much success in opera in Europe; Frä. Canissa; a new baritone, Verger by name; and well-known Brignoli for tenor, who has been losing neither flesh nor voice. Their first Boston concerts will be given in the Music Hall on the 21st, 22d and 25th of October.

It is understood that the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY are making arrangements to give three or four Oratorios with Mlle. NILSSON in November, about Thanksgiving time. What Oratorios, it is not yet decided, though there can be little doubt that among them will be "Elijah" and "Judas Maccabæus."—Of course the old society will give the "Messiah" and

something else at Christmas time; and then they will be preparing for their great Triennial Festival, which comes round next May. What noble new tasks this involves, we have not learned. The government had set their hearts strongly upon "Israel in Egypt;" which resolution, we trust, will remain firm, so that at last we may hear the whole of this great oratorio worthily presented. With all this extra work, we suppose we must be resigned to the postponement of the noblest plan of all, the bringing out of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*, for still another year. But we would ask if it be not practicable, as well as in every way desirable, that one part of one of the Festival concerts should be devoted to a judicious series of selections from the Passion music,—say, just the selections which were studied last winter, and which interested most of the singers very deeply, to-wit:—the opening chorus, perhaps; the chorus with tenor solo: "O grief," and "I'll watch with my dear Jesu alway;" the thunder and lightning chorus, and by all means the concluding chorus; by all means, also, several of the unspeakably beautiful Chorales;—these, interspersed with two or three of the fine solo Aïrs, and scenes of wonderfully expressive Recitative. Think of it, brethren, and think seriously.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club; the Listemann Quartette; the pianists: Perabo, Leonhard, Lang, (who is on his way home), Parker, Miss Mehlig too, no doubt,—will all be giving concerts singly or in combination; and the Vocal Clubs (Parker's, Cecilia, Orpheus), will be heard from. But neither their plans, nor those of the operatic raids, are yet sufficiently mature to be announced.

DEATH OF THE MANAGER OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE. Not a few musical Americans, who have been in London, have pleasant recollections of Mr. Bowley. The *Orchestra*, of Aug. 27 just received, contains the following sad intelligence:

Our readers will hear with regret of the sudden and accidental death of Mr. Bowley, the well-known indefatigable manager of the Crystal Palace, and treasurer of the Sacred Harmonic Society. He fell into the water from the deck of one of the river steamers, near Greenwich, yesterday afternoon; and although he was quickly extorted by Inspector Gordo, of the Thames Police, and taken to the shore, life was extinct, notwithstanding all possible restoratives were applied.

We find this in the *London Musical World*:

The sketch of Michael Kelly, who knew Mozart—says *Dwight's Journal of Music*—strangely omits to mention that very interesting book of *Reminiscences*, published in his latter days, and even reprinted in this country many years ago. Copies are rare, but it is well worth reading. [A reprint of this interesting book will shortly be commenced in the *Musical World*.—Ed.]

WAR NOTES. A correspondent writes from Munich: "We have just had the last performance of the Ammergau Passion Play. The Christus has had to join the artillery; he had an interview with the king to beg to be allowed to retain his long hair, so that, when the war was over, he might be able to resume his part. The request was granted."—The representative of Peter, also, is in a light-horse regiment; instead of the ear of Malchus, he may now hew off a score of ears from Frenchmen, says a German paper.

Of the Berlin theatres the only one which successfully struggles against the depression produced by war, which has closed most of the others, is the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtische Theatre. And this flourishes by reason of the traitor Offenbach's "*Kakadu*"—that Offenbach who has renounced his country and written a "Hymn to the Emperor." And patriotic Prussia supports him!

Owing to the war in Germany, Dr. Hiller has been unable to conduct the rehearsals of his cantata for the Birmingham Festival, and they have in consequence been taken by Sir Michael Costa.

The amateurs interested in the Beethoven Festival, which are to be given in Germany may be glad to learn that the war will not prevent the performan-

ces from taking place at the various cities recently specified, namely, Vienna, Berlin, and Bonn.

We hear from Vienna of the death of Gustav Vogt, well known as an oboe player, at ninety years of age. He was a bandsman in the Imperial Guard at the battle of Austerlitz.

We translate from *Le Menestrel*, July 31.—At a concert in the Champs-Élysées, M. Besselievre anticipates events; he has performed, alternately with the *Marseillaise*, a triumphal march entitled: *Entrée à Berlin*.

—Here is the patriotic programme every evening of the *Alcazar d'été* in the Champs Élysées: "La Marseillaise," "Le Rhin Allemand," "Les Girondins," "Le Reveil du Lion," "Les Prussiens," "A nous le Rhin," "La Française," "Nos Ennemis," "Le Bataillon de la Moselle," "A la Frontière," "Vive la France," and "La Garde Mobile." Needless to say that all these French songs are received with acclamation every night, though drowned in floods of German beer!

It is stated that during the past musical season in Paris more than three hundred concerts were given, exclusive of those of the Conservatoire, the Sunday Popular Concerts, the choral societies, matinées, &c.

Two Suggestions.

(From the Philadelphia Morning Post.)

In an excellent article upon "Music as a Means of Culture," published in the September *Atlantic*, the author, John S. Dwight, who has not yet received all the credit due him for his unceasing, intelligent labor in the interests of music, touches upon several points worthy of more extended notice and attention than is possible in newspaper limits. One of his suggestions, that Beethoven and Emerson dawned upon New England at the same time, and that the transcendentalists were very influential in the recognition of the true mission of music, not only furnishes data in the æsthetic history of the country, but gives opportunity of doing justice to one or two writers who are passed over in musical history, but who had a strong contemporaneous influence. We would hardly rank Emerson among musical pioneers, for his feeling toward it is not active. He appreciates it as he does everything that is beautiful, and recognizes its utility, but it is not a necessity with him, and certainly has had very little share in shaping his life or works. But he deserves this credit: he put his whole strength into the task of opening the gates to all forms of liberal art and thought, and music owes much of her freedom to his power. But when we count up the names of those who were really active in the cause, we think, among the first, of Margaret Fuller. She had for weapons talents as a writer and a musical soul. Her art education was necessarily defective, as she grew up in a land where music was known only as a part of church service, and where it rarely went above "Dundee," an arrangement from a Gregorian chant, or a slow opera air. She had access to very limited musical libraries, and Bombet, and a few authors of his class, made up her sources of information. But she had so kindred a spirit that she interpreted the meaning of their lives and works as no American had done before, and few since, and the one paper on the "Lives of the Great Composers" is still suggestive and useful. It is impossible to overrate the importance of the musical author to the art and to society. He stands between the two as a priest between the oracle and the worshippers, and understanding the utterance of the one and the ignorance of the other, brings the first into a more intelligible form and the other into a more intelligent appreciation. It is a profession that needs not only special natural qualifications, but also a special education. Margaret Fuller had the one, not the other; but by the force of genius she worked herself into a position of both power and usefulness, and ought to receive credit for it.

Another topic which Mr. Dwight touches only too slightly upon, ought to be more frequently dwelt upon by the critics of the daily press who have a conscientious regard for a right progress in music. (We say the daily press, for it is only through it that the public can be reached; art journals have too limited a circle of readers.) And this relates to the order of programmes. If we concede that music is something more than a sensuous expression, that it addresses itself to the intellect as well as to the ear, we will see that it is necessary to have some regard to congruity and harmony in the programme; but even for the ears' sake it is improper to open with Beethoven's septet and close with a *potpourri* from "Stradella."

This pretty little opera is good enough in its way, but its pale pink fades when contrasted with the vivid crimson of Beethoven's music. There are two rules that are, however, strictly observed by concert-givers; one, that the instruments must alternate; the other, that the heaviest music must open or close the performance. The spirit of the compositions is very rarely taken into account; and if the pianist plays Chopin and the vocalist sings Schumann, the violinist will probably play them a Shoo-fly tremolo, or something as elevating, and is applauded by the crowd, while the Schumann solo falls flat, and reasonably enough, for the train of feeling has been diverted, for shoo-fly melodies are hardly fit to prepare the mind for Schumann or his peers. But that audiences have souls, concert-givers rarely consider; they like them to have pockets, and to bring their hands and feet with them. Their hearts and heads are secondary considerations. But ask a conductor why he gives his most important, perhaps his most delicate work first, and he will tell you that the performers and audience are more fresh. This is nonsense. No programme should contain the element of weariness to such an extent, and we all know we warm up to music as it progresses. No one can listen or play properly when a crowd is coming in or going out, and this should be remembered in making up programmes. The great fault, however, is in the slovenly, thoughtless way in which musicians try to please everybody, and loading their programmes with all sorts of incongruous selections ruin the whole effect, prevent the appreciation of the separate performances, and are at last as successful in suiting every one as the man and his son who tried to manage their donkey so as to please the crowd.

Dr. Hiller's Nala and Damayanti.*

The poem, *Nala and Damayanti*, is founded on a Hindu poem of great antiquity—the *Nala*, which is itself only one of the episodes of the *Mahabharata*. The two great epic poems of Ancient India, the *Mahabharata*, and the *Ramayana*, bear something like the same relation to Hindu literature, with respect to national importance, as the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* to the literature of Ancient Greece. The *Mahabharata* is an aggregate of epic poems founded on popular legends. Though impossible to fix the date, it may be mentioned that the compiler is said to have been Vyasa, who lived about 500 years before Homer.

The episode of *Nala* occurs in the *Mahabharata* as incidental. A holy Brahmin, to restore hope to a fallen prince, ruined by gambling, relates to him the history of the Raja, *Nala*, who, in older times, had, like him, lost everything at two games at dice, and nevertheless had not sunk into despair. This episode is the subject of the third of eighteen cantos, or parvas, of the *Mahabharata*. King Bhima has a fair daughter, *Damayanti*. *Nala* hears praises of *Damayanti*, and the Princess like praises of *Nala*. Though at a distance, they fall desperately in love, and miraculous swans convey tidings of fondness. The king desires to marry his daughter, there is a competition of princes for her hand, but *Damayanti* will not accept any one but *Nala*. *Nala* appears at last in person, but has a message to deliver from the gods, who have bound him to declare to *Damayanti* that she must choose one of the immortals. Fortunately the gods do not insist. The marriage takes place, and *Nala* conducts his wife to the kingdom of *Nishadha*. Misfortune comes. The god, *Kali*, jealous of *Nala*, induces him to play at dice with his brother, and *Nala* loses all—wealth, chariots, robes, kingdom and wife. *Nala* flies to a wild forest; his wife will not forsake him, but he cannot bear the idea of dragging her into his misfortune. He flies again from her. *Damayanti* wanders in search of him; each encounters dangers and sufferings, racked by the thought of the possible fate of the beloved one. The constant lovers, wife and husband, at last succeed in finding each other, and, by a fortunate occurrence, *Nala* wins again his treasures and his kingdom, and lives happily with *Damayanti*.

The subject of the dramatic cantata, set to music by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, of Cologne, is the earlier part of the story of the loves of *Nala* and *Damayanti*. It comprises the desolation of the princess, dreaming of her unseen lover; the ceremony, ordained by King Bhima, of disposing of her hand by choice among royal suitors; the communication of the behest of the gods to *Nala*; *Nala*'s despair; his appearance on the scene of competition at the climax of *Damayanti*'s anxiety, only to give his stern message; *Damayanti*'s refusal and choice; the appearance of the gods, offering her immortality, and their retirement before the unflinching resolve of the Princess; the cantata concluding with the union of *Nala* and *Damayanti*.

*To be performed at the approaching Birmingham Festival.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

At Ten o'clock To-morrow. 4. Eb to g. Lyle. 35

"There are lilies in bloom in the valley to-day,
Where the sun leaves a golden trace;
But the light my spirits and life obey
Is the sunshine of thy face.
The springtime is breathing a soft farewell,
And summer its wealth will borrow:
Then good bye love, we'll meet in the dell,
At ten o'clock to-morrow."

The Vivandiere. Song and dance. 3. A to c sharp. Maas. 30

Suggested by the spirit of the times in Europe.

"You see I am a Vivandiere,
The pet of the whole Brigade,
The men salute me as I pass,
When they are on parade."

The Ball. 5. G minor to g. Peruzzi. 40

Another of the charming Nilsson airs. Beginning with a gay 'Tra-la-la,' in G minor, it suddenly changes to E major with a delightful effect.

Sweet is the Dream. (Guarda che Bianca Luna).

Duett. 4. C to f. Campana. 40

An improved adaptation of English words, in an easy key, of this beautiful duett.

Land of the Swallows. Duett. 4. Bb to g.

Masimi. 40

A splendid two-part song with English and German words.

Instrumental.

Original Polka. 3. D. Busenius. 30

A decidedly interesting Polka. This composer always succeeds in striking the popular vein.

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A graceful composition in very pleasing style.

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